Paris, July 29.

XIX.

GUSTY ALLOWS MR. GROVE TO BE SEEN.

Copyright; 1892; By the Tribune Association. Katharine, standing there beneath her aunt's scrutiny, at first found it impossible to reply, and she felt that she could hardly bear that scrutiny.

It was not of much satisfaction for her to think that, whatever happened, she was not blame-

"What was said on board that boat?" peated Mrs Llandaff with asperity.

Katharine moved suddenly and sat down upon the nearest chair. She was not thinking of prevaricating in the least. She was only wishing she had strength to

Mrs. Llandaff was under the dominion of an anxiety so keen that it made her seem harsh.

She waited now in silence. Katharine turned slowly toward her. bent forward as if the words she was about to

say were a weight upon her.

"Mr. Llandaff," she began-she pressed hand over her eyes; she finished the sentence rapidly-" told me that he loved me; of course he

was mistaken." "Good heavens!" exclaimed Mrs. Llandaff, and she added with subdued violence, "and I trusted

Katharine made no response. She sat still,

with her hand over her eyes. The woman walked up and down the room few times. It was extremely disagreeable to be made uncomfortable, and to be made uncomfortable where her affections were so enlisted was worse still. She could not, in this case, throw off the

At first she was so angry with Owen that she could not allow herself to speak.

She had been right in those fleeting suspicions which had come to her. Such intuitions were never false. Why had she forgotten them?

What was Owen thinking about? He must have come down here deliberately. She remembered his face that first day. She ought not to have forgotten that either. But what could she have done? What could she do now? At this last question she stopped in front of

the girl, who was sitting there in the same attitude she had taken a few moments ago. "Katharine," she said, now speaking gently.

"Yes, Aunt Kate." But Mrs. Llandaff found that she could not ask her the question that had been in her mind. In-

stead she hesitated, and finally said: "Go to your room now. We are both tired. We can see things more clearly after a little. Owen must have been insane."

She kissed Kate, and she generously refrained from looking at her. But when the girl had left her, Mrs. Llandaff

resumed the water-proof cloak which she had thrown from her on her arrival; and went quickly down the stairs again. Her soul was in arms to protect that girl. And she was furious against her step-son. She met him on the cliff path as she had expected to do. The rain was still falling, but she did not care

for that. She took his arm and turned him round away from the house, then walked rapidly, keeping her hold upon him. I could not see you there without having

Cap'n Marble open the door a half-dozen times. And I must see you.' Llandaff bowed, and tried to walk as fast as his companion.

The warm rain was driving mildly in their It was quite dark and the path was un-Mrs. Llandaff was obliged to slacken her She was indignant that at such a time as this she should feel an almost irresistible inclination to weep. She wanted to lean against the young man's shoulder and cry.

She could not tell why her anger had gone And her anger had made her feel strong. "Owen," she said finally, "I am so disappointed

I'm sorry for that," he answered with earnest-

"I knew there was something," she went on, "and I made Katharine tell me what you said. I made her do it. She barely told me. Owen, do you forget Miss Wyckham?

"I find I'm forgetting her with a great deal

But I thought you were a gentleman."

Liandaff could not restrain a slight movement. side him, still combating that inclination to cry. She was telling herself that she was getting imbecile, since anything should effect her like this She became aware that the young man, as well as she, was under the influence of a strong emo-

He turned to her and took her hand, placing it

again within his arm.
"Do you think," he asked quickly, "that man ought to keep on with an engagement to one woman when he finds he loves another woman? Answer yes or no?"

"I agree with you. I was worse than a fool, I was something of a knave, when I asked Mise Wyckham to marry me. Because I knew I didn't love her. But I liked her, and I thought I would marry. And I didn't love any one else. But

Llandaff paused and unconsciously pressed the hand on his arm more closely to him.

"Surely you will sympathize with me," he "If I never saw Miss North again. if she died to-night, I couldn't hold to an engagement with Miss Wyckham; my eyes are opened. And I've told her I made a mistake It was not a pleasant quarter of an hour you may believe. But I wouldn't willingly see Miss North again until I was a free man.

Llandaff suddenly paused in his walk, and in the dusk turned fully toward Mrs. Llandaff. It was not so dark that she could not see the glow

"Do you mean that the engagement is broken?" " Yes."

Mrs. Llandaff restrained the tremor that threat

ened to seize her. "And this is not a whim, a fancy?" she asked

"A whim? I tell you it is love." Llandaff spoke with sternifess. His companion groaned.

"Oh, of course you think it's love," she said He made no answer to this remark.

They went on in silence. Their feet splashed through the puddles in the road, for they had reached the single highway of the village. rain now increased. The rising tide beat upon the shore below them.

Again Mr. North answered that Roxy wasn't as well as usual, and then he said: " 'Gusty, I want you to let me see Grove a few minutes. It's an portant matter. It's really necessary."

'Gusty laughed. Then she held up her hands and said that the deacon was a very sick man. didnt know as she could resk it. The doctor was afraid of complications. If she should let anybody see him, and then the complications should set in ---

But 'Gusty was good-natured; as she said, she 'commydating,' and she was always pleased when she had charge of any one and could "let people in." She liked to let people in. She would much rather do that than to keep them

Now she hesitated and laughed, and said hoped Mr. North wouldn't excite the deacon, for excitement might help bring on the complications but she guessed he might see the deacon "jest a minutes, 's soon 's Mis' Budd come out.' 'Gusty preferred to be present herself at the in

erview, rather than to have Mrs. Budd enjoy When Mr. North had followed Miss Riddle into house, and while he was waiting the advent

of Mrs. Budd, he was wishing he could run away and never hear of Marcellus Grove or of Roxy Hillard again. He found of late that he was think-lag of his wife as Roxy Hillard. It was true that she wasn't well. She said

she didn't know as anything especial ailed her but she asserted that "when she set down she didn't want to git up, 'n' when she did git up she wanted to set right down. And victuals was jest like so much sawdust."

This from a woman to whom victuals were not usually in the least like sawdust was alarming. Colburn suggested a doctor, but Roxy preferred some bitters for the blood. She said she knew her blood needed "thinning down." She had been convinced since that time when her head had felt so queer that her blood was too thick, and when blood is too thick it is evident enough that it must be thinned.

Mr. North, as he sat in Deacon Grove's kitchen waiting for Mrs. Budd, thought confusedly and dejectedly of all this. And he thought of he had told his wife that she shouldn't call to see Grove, and of how he. North, had pushed Grove into the water, and should be responsible

if he died. With this thought there came for an instant a terrible exultation that then Katharine, his Kitty, would be free. Why should be begrudged the price, even though it were such a price, so that

his daughter might be happy again. And what had made Mrs. Llandaff send such a telegram? What new thing had happened? Surely Katharine could not be already fancying that she

Mr. North was dreading that. Everything wa horrible that day to the man as he sat there.

He knew that 'Gusty Riddle was talking; the words she said rolled over his mind without leaving the least idea behind them. But he did rouse when some one was heard

on the stairs, and he comprehended that Miss Riddle said that that was Miss Budd. 'Gusty hastened out of the room "to prepare the Descon," she said, and Mr. North was left a few moments to try to listen to Mrs. Budd's mournful prophecies concerning the patient in

the spare chamber. She said Deacon Grove's countenance wa'n't right. She thought his nose was going to be pinched in and she was sure she had heard a dog howl the night before. There was also a ticking in the wall as she had sat by the bed just now. She thought it might be death watch. She had asked Deacon Grove if he thought it was a death watch.

Mr. North smiled as he inquired: "What did Grove say?"

"I don't wish to repeat what he said," was the answer. "I 'spose it's nat'ral for men to swear when they are sick."

When 'Gusty summoned Mr. North he plucked at her sleeve on the stairs and inquired if it were absolutely necessary that she be present at the interview, for he had something very confidential to say to the Deacon.

'Gusty said she certainly would be obliged to be present, but that she would go to the other side of the room and try not to listen.

At this Mr. North tried not to groan. He compromised by laughing so loud that he was immediately hushed by his companion. He was startled by seeing Grove look so very ill, but the voice which greeted him was not

alarmingly weak. "Well, North, what infernal thing's up now?" asked the Deacon, looking as if he would gnash

rabidly at whatever came in his way. North replied to the point and directly. "I came to talk about your getting a Grove, and you've got to listen to me. whole thing's outrageous, you know. Public opinion'll be all against you if you hold out. You'll be tarred and feathered when it's known that you're really intending to keep that child to

that bond. I tell you I know what I'm talking about. Ask anybody. You just let me begin proceedings in your name. Desertion, you know, and all that. It'll be a mere form. Your pe tition'll be granted directly, and then the whole almost as if it never had been, and you can marry again. You're a man that seem to need a wife

All at once Mrs. Llandaff turned and began to walk rapidly. "I'm going back to Cap'n Marble's," she said,

I can't talk any more to-night." Owen kept by her side.

"Won't you give me your good wishes?" he ked. "I tell you I'm more in carnest-but asked. pshaw!-one doesn't care to hear a young man say

"You always have my good wishes, Owen," At that thought he looked again at the face on the pillow. He did not think that Marcellus Grove was going to die. He didn't have the appearance of a man near death.

ellus Grove? And would Roxy ever be punished? And she must tell Owen to-morrow. And could Grove be made to "get a bill."

So she hastened into the house and up the stairs. But here she came softly, and paused on that "flat stair," listening for any movement from

Katharine. But she heard nothing. She hoped that the morrow's daylight would bring illumination to her mind as well as to her

Certainly Kate would sleep. Young people always slept. But as for her-she dreaded the long continuing dark hours. And she had come

here to rest. It was such a miserable thing to be able to feel anything. There was Roxy now. That was the

vay to be made. Mrs. Llandaff lay on her bed wearily asking herself what was to be done.

She thought it was strange that, pellucid as Katharine's character seemed to her, she yet had not been able to guess in just what way the girl's heart had received Owen's confession. Certainly she had been moved. That, under the

circumstances, was unavoidable. Whether Katharine cared or not, she must be eledsed from that bond which any moment might make unendurable.

Mrs. Llandaff found that she had been uncon sciously depending somewhat upon that rheumatic fever. She smiled rather grimly at this thought.

Cap'n Marble was always up by daylight in summer. Although there was usually nothing to call him up, he would have deemed himself first morning dusk had given way to light.

But he was speechless with surprise when, as he emerged from his bedroom the next morning he came upon Mrs. Llandaff fully dressed just

"I want that men who owns a horse," she said. "Do you think I can get him to take me to the station? I must send a message."

Cap'n Marble expressed it as his opinion that the man who owned a horse would do anything under the canopy if he was only paid enough; and he advised Mrs. Llandaff to go herself, which Mrs. Llandaff did without a moment's de

She stood and watched the man lead out the horse from its stall. She pleaded with him not to curry the animal; she couldn't wait. She was oh iged to plead so hard that she had a feeling after ward as if she had hung around his neck in her earnestness; and she hated the man accordingly. Still, in spite of all, the time did come when

she was in the corner of the milroad station and was writing a line to Colburn North which the man assured her he would "send right along." Therefore the first that Mr. North heard in any way after that hurried visit by Katharine and sunt, was this telegram.

He was grateful that he had been at the village on its arrival, and so prevented its being received at his home and under Roxy's eye. But he supposed that Roxy must see it. She had to

"It is absolutely imperative that the child be released," was what Mrs. Llandaff had written Mr. North read these words once on

here the messenger had found him. They moved him so that he could hardly reply to an acquaintance who saw him receive the yellow envelope, and who stood round watching until the enclosure had been read, and then

'Nobody's dead," was the short answer Then Mr. North hurried to get into his wagon

where he might read the message agvin. Something had occurred to make Katharine send that. He always thought of Mrs. Llandaff

Was the child borne to the ground by her burden? Mr. North's heart burned as he kept his eyes

on the bit of paper, while his horse walked zigzag along the road, cropping a mouthful of leaves on this side and on that But after a few moments the lines were gathered up and the horse was turned round the

Deacon Grove's housekeeper was in the back yard laboriously spreading some sheets to whiten on the grass. Being fat and unwieldly she seemed to be constantly doing something which called

for a stooping position. She was surprised to see Mr. North drive into the yard. Though he had brought his wife to the house several times since the deacon's ill-

ness, he had always stopped outside and then driven right on.

Now he lett his wagon and came across the

Is he really better or worse?" impatiently demanded the man.

The weman shook her head. She said the doctor said complications were setting in. The doctor was going to fight the complications, but Mrs.

didn't think the doctor had much hope.

North. "If he's able to
he isn't, why, he can't."
He turned toward the house.
But Mrs. Morse cried out: "Oh, 'Gusty wont
let you see him, I don't believe. 'Gusty says
he's a very sick man."
Mr. North could not refrain from stamping his
the ground.

"She was here a minute ago; said she'd got to have a breath of fresh air if she expected to hold out. Mis' Budd was settin' with him for a spell. How's your wife, Mr. North? I heard she wa'nt well. She ain't looked well lately. Mis' Budd's mother said your wife seemed to her like a woman 't had begun to fall."
"She hasn't been as well as usual. Isn't that

"She hasn't been as well as usual. Isn't that 'Gusty?" as a woman came out of the poreit, being very careful not to let the screen door bang behind her.

"Yes, that's her."

Mr. North advanced so suddenly that Miss Riddle jumped a little. Then she laughed.

"You 'most startled me, Mr. North. How's your wife? I hope she ain't failin'. Somebody was tellin' that they thought she'd begun to fail, or was goin' to fail."

While North talked, the sick man was moving his head impatiently from side to side, and occasion.

his head impatestly from side to side, and occasionally trying to look intently at the speaker.

As soon as he could he said crossly that he didn't want to be bothered, and he wished North would talk of something else if he must talk.

Here Gusty advanced from the other side of the room, where she had been trying not to listen,

the room, where she had been trying not to listen, and gave a few pats to the deacon's pillow. Then she went back to her former position. And she endeavored to look as if she were not interested, and had succeeded in not listening.

"I've got to talk of this, Grove," responded Mr. North with firmness, "and everybody "Il be talking if you don't take my advice. Can't you see for yourself?"

aried. But evidently he did care. He writhed as he y there. Mr. North felt that he would not re-

Mr. Grove into the water. It was just like Grove to get a fever and ruin the effect of having been pulled out.

Mr. North was conscious that a morbid impulse

or get a fever and ruin the effect of having been pulled out.

Mr. North was conscious that a morbid impulse to tell Grove that he had pushed him off the wharf was rising in his mind and becoming stronger and stronger. He hoped that he shouldn't yield to such an impulse. He didn't feel quite convinced in these days that he could trust himself about anything.

It was quite dreadful to Mr. North to be aware, as he stood by the bed, that he was not really sure that he wanted the man to recover. It would simplify matters so very much if he died. If he died, then he, North, would do the best he could to bear his guilt. There was always that beom in his barn, and always a rope might be hitched to it and then to his own neck.

Roxy would make an excellent, thrifty widow. That is, if she should be successful in thinning down her blood, and getting so that she would again enjoy her victuals. But his Kitty would grieve.

in marriage."

"P'raps he's goin' there some time," said Mr.
North, "but he isn't goin' at present, He'i

And Mr. North went away elated and hope-ful. He was sure he had touched the right chord in that creature's heart. And Grove would see how devoted and necessary Gusty was, He'd be a good while getting about, even when he began to mend, and then would be 'Gusty's op-

portunity.
"If only she does not laugh too much," was
Mr. North's thought as he drove homeward in
better spirits than he had thought he ever should

was waiting for an answer to ber message. She could hear even see Owen until she could hear even see Owen until she could hear, and she could not hear before night, for the word must be brought from the office by a man, and a man was certain not to hurry his better. I landaff took bimself away fishing.

suggestive.
Last then Mrs. Liandaff could not be said to know what Katharine's face was like, for she hardly looked at the girl.

The rain came persistently down all the day.
Wern out with its calm patter on the roof, at 5 o'clock Mrs. Llandaff again put on her cleak and walked alone along the road that led to the

telegraph office.

In half an hour she met the messenger and had Mr. North's hopeful line in her hand.

"Now I'll allow myself to breathe," she thought.

As she raised her eyes from the page she saw Katharine coming toward her.

"No bad news, North, I hope?"

as Katharine.

orner with his head toward the residence of

Deacon Grove.

Now he left his wagon and came across the grass.

Mrs. Morse took up another sheet and began to shake it out with a great flapping noise.

"How's Grove this morning?" asked Mr. North in a voice loud enough to drown the other sound. Mrs. Morse appeared to have a pin her mouth which she was obliged to remove before she could reply dismally that the deacon had had an awful bad night.
"Is no really better or worse?" impatiently de-

his head impatiently from side to side, and occasion

there. Mr. North felt that he would not re-tit, if he did take an unfair advantage. He st take any advantage he could get, wished that he could forget that he nad pushed

She hurried until she almost ran. She wanted think. But what good would thinking do?

And would that planned the shear and the set squire Ladd at work on this, said Mr. North urgently, "You don't want the neighbors hooting at you."

I sha'n't hold out if it ain't going to be the right thing.

"Off course you won't." quickly rejoined Mr. North, "I'll come Tuesday. And you'll be a free man if you say so, and can marry again.

Mr. N'th turned away. Miss R'ddle advanced and again patted the sick man's pillow. As she lifted her head she met Mr. North's eyes. She followed him outside the door.

"Gnety," said Mr. North beseechingly, "you must have a good deal of influence with him." his words accompanied by a motion toward the room he had just left. "Can't you make him see that it'll be best all round to get a bill? It's plain he depends so on you." Here this astute Individual paused tentatively.

"Gusty laughed gently under her breath. She almost thought she was blushing. She hurriedly pulled her handkerchief from the pocket of her white apron and passed it over her face.

North, "but he isn't goin' at present, He'll pull through this." And Mr. North went away elated and hope

better spirits than he had thought he ever should know again.

But he did not go directly home. He was impatient to let his daughter know that illness made a difference with Grove.

So he wont round by the railroad station and sent a telegram to Mrs. Llandaff. He tried to make it carry the precise state of things, but he could explain nothing, and after he had written:

"Have seen him. Am sanguine that she will be released," he immediately began to be afraid that he had sent a too hopeful message. By the time he was in sight of his home his spirits had fallen again. Had he been too much elated by the varying mood of a sick man? Because Grove had been so stubborn in his refusal before, did he think too much of this apparent agange?

fore, did he think too much of this apparent sange?

But the message had gone. Mr. North did not allow the telegram from Mrs. Llandaff to remain in his coat pocket. He thought it was more than he could bear to hear Roxy's comments upon' it. Roxy said no child of hers should ever have a bill if she could help it. But there were things of late that Roxy could not prevent. It was perhaps a realization of this fact which caused Mrs. North to think her blood needed thinning down. Mr. North left the telegram in a safe place in the barn, and he kept perfect silence regarding it and his visit to Deacon Grove.

He looked with a furtive keenness at his wife as he sat down at the table epposite her. He wondere if see were really "going to fail."

He saw that her face was gray, and it seemed to have grown long. She ate very little. She hardly spoke. It was not cheerful at the North house. But Mrs. North carefully cooked the kinds of food her husband liked. She neglected nothing.

On that bluff on the Maine coast Mrs. Llandaff was waiting for an answer to her message. She felt that she could not even see Owen until she

The absolute purity of the Royal Baking Powder makes it pre-eminently the most useful and wholesome leavening agent known. Containing no lime, alum, phosphate or other impurity, it leaves no alkaline or acid residuum in the food, and its use insures pure, light and sweet bread, biscuit and cake, that are perfectly digestible and wholesome whether hot or cold, fresh or stale. Its leavening power has been determined the highest whenever tested by official authority, and all chemists and writers on food hygiene commend it for its sterling qualities.

THE SEASON OPENS.

RESPECTABILITY DISGUISES HERSELF WITH LORGNETTE AND STARES AT OTHER PEOPLE.

Narragansett Pier, Aug. 16 .- We are just in the middle of the three wild weeks that constitute the season. Everything that makes "the sea-There are yachts in the harbor and yachtsmen in the Casino. There are a thousand people in the surf every morning and another thousand looks on from the beach. There are dozens of the handsomest gowns on the prettiest women that ever were seen, and there is gossip enough to keep every tongue in the place wagging from dawn till dark.

"The season" at the Pier is that portion of the summer when the crowd is the thickest and the most mixed. When the people in the Cesino are packed so closely that you can't pass down the paleony without treading on women's trains and men's feet, you may be sure it is the season. When the talking is so loud and so continuous that you can't make out whether the band is playing the overture of "William Tell" or the evening star song from "Tannhaueser," you may know it is the season. When the surf is so thick with people that every time you try to swim you kick some one behind you with your feet and slap some one in front of you with your hand, rest assured it is the season. When the Saturday night hops are so packed with Tom, Dick and Harry and their respective womankind, that it is impossible to insert another couple into the circling mass of dancers, you may mark to your companion without fear of contradiction: "This, I take it, is the season.

Narragansett is unique of its kind. whiripool all sorts and conditions of men mixed in inextricable confusion. Never was a watering place more varied in its social types. The great, stately brass pots go sailing down the stream with the cracked and chipped earthen and the big, clumsy iron kettles. shabby genteel ladies, in their cleaned gloves and their turned gowns, rub elbows with ladies who are neither shabby nor genteel, and while they would rather die than be the former, have had unsatisfied yearnings to be the latter. eigale, in all her dazzling white bravery, spreads her parasol and shakes out her scented, lacefrilled skirts, side by side with the quiet fourmi, who is using her re-covered sunshade and wearing her re-trimmed last summer's hat. The ilipaid clerk-here on a brief vacation-runs into his rubicund, rotund employer. Cornelia, with the Gracchi, one on each side of her, sees Aspasia go peacocking along the beard promenade, welldressed, impudent, handsome, daring, and throwing challerging glances from under her great white hat

The West, too, has cast some of its pearls on the Narragansett shore. It is a broadening sight to see that the West has got beyond the heels on its walking boots. From the outward York itself. The girls that it has sent from its have the sharpness, the daring, the energy of the But every one at the Pier, looks well-dresse nd prosperous and charming. The only people

clothes are the few military lights who naturally have the appearance of a strange, odd tribe. But they come and go rapidly, making only a brief Now and then one sees one of them? catches a glimpse of a seedy man with uncut hair and the eyes of a thinker, or is startled by the sudden view of a woman's face, with the low brow, the onely-dressed hair, the strange, still, contemplative glance of the brain-worker. badly fitting clothes. The woman, as a rule, has the flat waist that fashion louthes and that Palzae said was an indication that its owner was a peron of a tender heart and a fond and faithful ture. If this is the case; there are few tender hearts or fond and faithful natures at the Pier All the waists are small, perhaps the largest are the Western waists. But the New-York waists are fearful and wonderful, little, tiny, wasp-like things, making the girls who have them look as if. should they suddenly bend, they would snap erisply in two. They have a strange, unnatural ook! these girls. They are real doll-women, invariably pretty, with small, meaningless features and thin, endeveloped figures. They have a general look of a superabundance of nerves and an ab solute lack of passion and force. They have singularly restless, wire-like vivacity, an entire absence of repose, and leave upon the beholder the impression of a fine drawn, thin, vibrant intensity of the brain-not the intensity that the French vaguely call "temperament," the lack of

which is said to be the great defect of the American woman. general tone. It is a cut below Eli this year. Ell was never very distinguished. That delight ful suggestion of swelldom, though it was a wild, spreeing swelldom that used to hang about it, is here no more. There is more shoddy even than usual. There is sheddy from the West and shoddy from the South, and worse than this, there is shoddy from New-York. Shoddy is always bad, but New-York shoddy is the worst going. A real Gotham snob is hard to heat. A Western snob is a mere, simple, fond, foolish thing compared with him. There is a frankness, a candor about the snob of the West that, with all his faults, makes you love him still. But a New-York snob is a deadly thing, and he is all over Narragansett and is never still.

annis and cousins who go about the ways of the watering place with a short-handled lorgnette held to their eyes, and a fire of comments running off their tongues. They are always admirably dressed in wonderful diaphanous organdic frocks, with a snowy edging of lace frills and a falling flutter of pale ribbons. Sitting at ease under their spread parasols, they view the moving show with keen, investigating eyes. Nothing escapes their penetrating gaze. They know that the woman who has constituted herself their rival is without a man this morning. They know that the girl who is said to wear the prettiest frocks in the place has come to the end of her wardrobe and that the handsomest married woman at the Pier has on a hideously unbecoming hat, and that the belle of the last five seasons is all out of the running this year.

They can tell you, too, a dozen stories of the

ladies who have "histories." are untrue, but they are invariably highly colored They can show you a score of pretty girls who in are simply "notodies" at home, and come to the

Pier for a brief belledom, just to see what the taste of it is like. So-and-so's daughter, the pale girl in the yellow chiffon, who appears to be quite the belle of the hops, is never asked out anywhere in town, and saves up all winter for this brief summer life. That is why she has so many beautiful clothes, and as the girl she speaks of trips by with an attendant cavalier, and a face alight with smiles, the speaker puts up her lorgnette and eyes her carefully from the feet up, appraising her clothes and passing judgment on her style But the married ladies with "histories" really

come in for the severest handling. Carmelia has quite a big stone ready to pelt at them as they sweep by. She has no good authority for the history, and it is not a particularly nice one; but there is some singular, esoteric pleasure to be derived from the recital of it. She will impart it to any listener, modifying it slightly, according to the hearer's sex. Its subject is quite torn to pieces when the last word has been said, when the historian, shifting her pale pink parasol; ogles about for her victim, finds her, designates her, and follows the usual formula of looking her curiously up and down. And then the comments begin. She used to be pretty, but now she has grown too fat or too thin or too coarse or too pale, as the case may be. She is rather distinguee till, is she not? None would never, to look at her, suspect that she had had an adventurous career, would they? But it is always those demure-looking women who

The trademark of Narragansett Pier, its main difference from all other watering-places, rises from this prominence, not alone of the scandalmonger, but of the object of the scandalmonger's In no other place do men and women who hang upon the ragged edge, and sometimes drop over, enjoy the strange prominence that they do at the Pier. People, that in town, the American Cornelia would pass by on the other side, or never dream of alluding to in her general conversation, are now the objects of all her glances, the subject of her most vivacious talk. cracked and chipped earthenware jar not only sails along side by side with the flawless brass pot, but jostles against it, and passes it by in the flerce rush of the stream. To be an object of local interest at Narragansett is to be the possessor of a fiv-blown reputation! to be known to have had "a past." Cornelia herself seriously enjoys a good healthy

do the wild things, etc., etc.

stare at one of the ladies with histories. More than that, she will follow the radiant charmer in all her dazzling brilliancy of white lace and creamcolored veil, and hat full of nodding roses and litwhite suede feet to the beach or to the Casino. She will ignominously hang about her, glare at her clothes through the lorgnette, speculate as to the size of her feet, harken to the timbre of her cultivated voice, note the way she has her back hair rolled and her front hair parted, listen openly and without shame to her conversation with her satellites. Cornelia's main sport at the Pier lar sister. The owner of the history enjoys a prominence that is not hers when in town. There they may talk about her and wonderingly specuion't sit about and stare at her, don't drop into silence when she passes, don't force her into the position of the lion of the summer, an object of

This altitude on the part of the visitor, who has some to Narragansett determined to be amused by a surface sight of that brilliant ephemeral, unlunch, at the Pier they conceal these eccentrici- known half world of which one hears so much and ties, and might, by their looks, be the scions of sees so little, is what has given to the Pier its commercialty valuable, but socially unenviable tunes of £2,000 or £3,000. But a day came reputation. It is not the fast people who have when the crocheteers looked askance at the raggiven Narragapsett its bad name, it is the slow people. The respectable majority of the crowd ave forced the not-quite respectable minority into an undue and unlooked-for prominence. The respectable majority is never going to be anyhas a hankering to look down from its snowy peaks on the disreputable minority. If wants to see the wheels go round" like Toddy and Budge. It wants to look on through its lorgnette at a nosity, but about whom it feels a keen and lively curiosity. So Cornelia goes to Narragansett to see what ladies who are not mothers of the Gracchi look like, and all her world follows in her foot-

FREDERICK THE GREAT AS CROWN PRINCE

HIS FATHER'S DIRECTIONS AS TO HIS EDUCATION AND TRAINING. According to documents which have been published ocently in Germany, the daily life of Frederick the Great, as Crown Prince, was not such as to fill the hearts of many American boys with feelings of envy. the great Frederick, was a strict and God-fearing man who kept a close watch upon the actions of his son and successor. He exacted, too, prompt and the French tutor of the Crown Prince, the King once gave elaborate, written instructions as to the manner n which the young man was to employ his time during the week. This royal schedule has recently appeared n the columns of various German journals for the first time. It throws considerable light upon the

great King's early training.
"He is to be awakened each morning at 8 o'clock," wrote His Majesty. "As soon as that is accom-plished, you are to see that he does not turn over again to sleep. He is to get up at once. Then he must kneel and say prayers as is the custom on Sun-day morning. As soon as he has finished his devo-tions, he is to put on his shoes as rapidly as possible, wash his hands and face-but not with soap-pull on his coat, and comb and plait his hair. He to powder his hair, however. If he allows his hair to be combed and plaited by some one else, he must drink his ten and eat his breakfast at the same time, so that he will be engaged in some work.

servants are to proceed to the room for first prayers. A chapter is to be read from the Bible, and a hymn sung o'clock, when the servants are to be dismissed From 7 o'clock nntil 9 o'clock, Duhan must instruct dm in history. At 9 o'clock the Court Preacher, to 11 o'clock the truths of Christianity.

"At one quarter to 11 o'clock," adds His Majesty,
"he is to wash his face rapidly, with water, and
his hands, with soap, clothe himself in white, powder
himself, and put on his cont. At 11 o'clock he is to
visit the King. With him he is to remain until 2

relative sizes of the various European countries, their power and their weaknesses, and point out the rich and poor cities. From 3 o'clock to 4, he is to take lessons in moral philosophy. From 4 o'clock until 5. Duhan must write German exercists with him and see that he acquire a good style. At 5 o'clock, he is to wash his hands. He may then go to the King, take a ride, exercise in the open-air, but not in his rooms, and do what he pleases, as long as it is not contrary to the laws of God."

From The London Globe.

Philanthropic Visitor to Jail-Bird-My friend, may I ask what brought you here?

Jail-Bird-The same thing that brought you here—the desire to poke my nose into other people's bustness. Only I used generally to go in by way of the basement winder.

MIDSUMMER IN PARIS.

A MICROSCOPIC WRITING CONTEST-CHOL ERA AND THE RAGIICKERS.

gold medal as a prize to the finest writer, without distinction of nationality. It is not literary merit that is wanted, as the above announcement would lead one to suppose. The prize-giving editor merely wants to know how many words can written on a piece of paper. Replies have already been sent in. A Belgian officer has accomplished the feat of putting 2,187 words on post card. A Marseilles gentleman has distanced him, having crowded on a card of the same size 2,860 words, representing an article of M. Sarcey and a poem of Deputy Clovis Hughes, both legible without a magnifying glass, though not, I imagine, without a good pair of eyes. The above feats are nothing beside that of another competitor for the gold medal, a government clerk, M. Survigny, who has on a post card written out an official directory, from the President and his household down to the members of the Paris Municipal Council, altogether 6,000 words. He spent twenty-eight hours over this at leisure he is capped by Sergeant Lethorel, secretary of the 127th Infantry, who announces that he will shortly produce a post card with a collection of articles amounting to 11,000 words.

As an art, small writing has been killed by photography. Microscopie photography was simply invaluable to France during the siege of Paris, when carrier pigeons were daily sent out with 10,000 private letters photographed on a pellicle two inches square rolled up in a quill. There are still, however, plenty of amateurs, some of them distinguished and even illustrious. I may mention, for instance, Alphonse Daudet, who has often, out of fun, written original newspape articles on a leaf of cigarette paper.

Paris just now is very uncomfortable for

large class of English-speaking people, those young men who have work to do here, whether as representatives of English and also American business houses, or in a professional capacity, having as yet but moderate means, are compelled to live in lodgings. There has been no rain now for many weeks; the pavements are hard and bake, ing, the atmosphere sultry and devoid of vitalizing power, opportunities for exercise of any kind except walking are wanting, and a bath is a luxury which must be sought out of the house. Luckily! there have not been wanting among the English-speaking colony men of energy and devotion, who, perceiving a want, set about supplying it. The Decimal Boating and Lawn Tennis Society is the result of their efforts. The club owns a goodly part of the charming He des Anglais at Neuilly-sur-Seine. The approach is by boat, which you summon from the bank, where the good-natured custodian for the island, and factorum to the society, rushes out of the lurking place where he has been brewing "des lemon squash" and pulls you by a very artistic curve across the swiftly flowing Once on the other side, you seem to be in Eng-There are two excellent lawn tennis courts; made, of course, of asphalt, for turf does not flourish in France, and surrounded with comfortable lounges. There is a lofty boathouse, where every kind of craft may be had for a spin on the river, and in the galleries of the. same building are sleeping rooms, a billiard room and a reading room, well supplied with books and papers. The social life of the Decimal Club is full and friendly, as it should members make the island their headquarters for living, ceting and sleeping. The social year is marked by regattas, tennis tournaments, concerts; billiard tournaments and swimming matche The club calls itself Decimal because the number of the original promoters was ten

The "City of the Sun" is up in arms against the Prefect of Police and his officers. The inhabitants have been "invited," in the language of the official decree, to evacuate their dwellings within ten days, and find lodgings where they can elsewhere. The Moors on leaving the Alhambra shed fewer tears than the "chiffoniers" of Clichy are shedding at the prospect of leaving the insalubrious abodes which rejoice in the magnificent title of "The City of the Sun." The Chiffoniers, or rag-pickers, have no luck. Some time ago rag-picking was a lucrative profession, and not a few members of the fraternity have left forman, with his genius for exploration and turning up stinking rubbish to be purified by the healthy embraces of the air. These "faddists" looked at the matter from the point of view of the air, of which the supply in Paris is strictly limited, and they argued that dust-heaps, if piled about and disturbed, breed infection more rapidly than if left alone to be decently shovelled into the dust-So the Prefect made a cart when it comes by. decree that the use of dust-bins should be universal through all Paris. The ragmen could no longer rake among the old familiar heaps. But their trade was not killed. They still had something, Now it looks as if their occupation would be

There is a ragman's quarter in Clichy,

shortly gone altogether.

just as there is an organ-grinders' quarter London. It consists of half a blind alleys called "cites," or, as they say in Edinburgh, "closes." There is the Cite Germain, the Cite Simonneau, the cite of "Little Poland," and the cite of the Soleil. The latter is so called, not because it occasionally receives the sun's rays, but because its precincts are surrounded with a belt of sunflowers. This nest of buildings harbors nearly 400 families, of four, five, six, or sometimes eight persons each. Rents here, I am told, range from a shilling to two shillings a week. A ground floor of two rooms may come as high as four shillings. The courtyards are regular incubators of fever germs, and are doubtless the starting point of the cholers epidemie, for which reason the Prefect has seen fit to close them until further notice. I made my way into one of these courtyards through puddles of stinking coze and climbed up one of the outside staircases by which the apartments are reached. The steps are slippery with refus flung out upon them by the rag-sorters, who work indoors. My courage failed at the threshold, let me say that I was "hypnotized," by the smells which issued from the nearest door. Some repickers do not object to the inclemencies of the weather, and work outside in the yard. families may be seen clustering about the big heaps, and classifying them into lesser heaps. Whatever is voted worthless-and it must be bad indeed-is flung away, at random, and lying where it falls gives a variegated appearance to the floor of the court, not unlike a mosaic in relict. "Then," continues the King; "Duhan and all the prostrate railway carriage half blocks up the gangway. How it came here, goodness knows, out a family of five have taken advantage of its presence to live in it. Down the middle, the half liquid mass drains into a sluggish runnel of foul smelling liquor, in which dogs and children die port. From the walls nang the skulls of thete dead companions (I mean of the dogs), with the tesh half fallen from the bones, and ragged wrecks of garments which can almost heard humming with vermin. It seems incredible that people can become attached to such a home. But it is so with the chiffoniers They say that habit gives them immunity from cholira and typhoid fever, and they fear that, If driven to take up cleanlier quarters, they will be interfered with in their work of sorting. Prefect has replied that the statistics of mortality in the cites are an overpowering argument for cleaning them, and the families must go out till the process is complete. When they come back it

will doubtless be under new regulations. A Coward.—Tommy—I despise a coward.
Mr. Figg—Who is a coward now?
Tommy—Johnny Briggs, I told him he was a
to jump into the canal with his clothes on; as
was arraid, too, or he wouldn't 'a licked me for a
se.—(indianapolis Joussal.